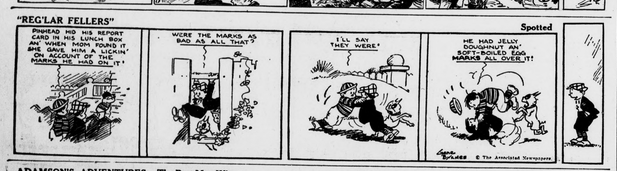
THE FLOOR HEADS — By Osborne

SMATTER POP— Just a Nasal Appraisal — By C. M. PAYNE

MESCAL IKE — By S. L. HUNTLEY — Oh, Yes?

FINNEY OF THE FORCE — By Ted O'Loughlin — Demonstrations

"REG'LAR FELLERS" — Spotted



ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES — The Best Man Wins— — By O. JACOBSSON

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BRONC PEELER — By FRED HARMAN

IT'S NO SECRET WRIGLEY'S IS THE STANDARD OF QUALITY

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

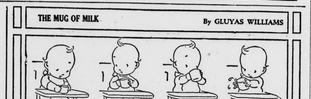
THE FLAVOR LASTS

HIGH NOTES

"How did your daughter come to take up singing?"

"She found it pleasanter work than helping mother with the dishes."

THE MUG OF MILK — By GUYAS WILLIAMS



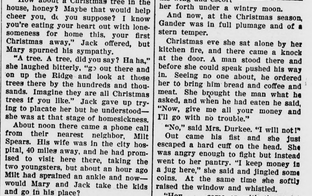
Santa Explains

Mary Pines for Her Pines

(A Christmas Story)

By Luella B. Lyons

MARY MINTER left her home from south of the Mason-Dixon line to marry Jack Howard. That's how she happened to be hating her new home in the North—hating the snow and cold and the fireworks she knew she was missing in her home that Christmas day. Gazing out of the window all she could see were pine trees from four inches to sixty feet in height. Cedars? Pines? Spruces! She hated the words, even.



They Reached Ann Spear's Hospital Room and Made Explanations.

"How about a Christmas tree in the house, honey? Maybe that would help cheer you, do you suppose? I know you're eating your heart out with lonesomeness for home this, your first Christmas away," Jack offered, but Mary spurned his sympathy.

"A tree. A tree, did you say? Ha ha," she laughed bitterly, "you sit there and on up the Ridge and look at those trees there by the hundreds and thousands. Imagine they are all Christmas trees if you like." Jack gave up trying to placate her but he understood—she was at that stage of homesickness.

About noon there came a phone call from their nearest neighbor, Milt Spears. His wife was in the city hospital, 40 miles away, and he had promised to visit here there, taking the two youngsters, but about an hour ago Milt had sprained an ankle and now—would Mary and Jack take the kids and go in his place?

What difference did it make if it was nearly nightfall when the pair and the two youngsters reached Ann Spears' hospital room and made the explanations and witnessed the relief that was so evident on the anxious wife's face.

"But where did you find such a novel tree arrangement, Mrs. Howard?" Ann's doctor wanted to know the moment he sighted the midget Christmas tree Mary had fixed up at a moment's notice. "Why, they are the prettiest things I've ever seen yet, and I'd like to buy a dozen of them."

A strip of painted tin that was bent to hang over the head of a bed into the shape of a shelf or bracket formed the foundation. A tiny cedar seedling about eight inches high formed the tree. Mary had stripped a wealth of tube roses she had been growing, to tie the blossoms all over that midget village tree. Fitting into a slot on that little tin bracket, it smiled its blessing upon the gathering.

Any Yuletide you might stop by the Howard Midget Christmas Tree Farm to find Mary and Jack getting a bit of rest from their labors, another glorious selling campaign over for another year. Yes, you'll find Mary there, for she does get pretty lonely when she must be away from her thousands of beloved midget conifers any length of time!

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Christmas Cracker From France

The Christmas cracker came from France about eighty years ago.

Mrs. Durkee's Christmas Gander

By Martha B. Thomas

MRS. DURKEE had a gander, a fine strong bird with fine strong wings. Wherever Mrs Durkee went the gander went, too.

Some years ago a goose egg had been given to Mrs. Durkee. It was a very large egg and ready to hatch, but a fox had killed the mother goose. It should make, when hatched and grown up, a fine Christmas dinner! Just as Mrs. Durkee prepared a nest for it, the shell cracked and out popped a head with very surprised eyes. From that moment the gosling and Mrs. Durkee became friends. She no more thought of him in terms of roasting than she would think of a neighbor in that unkind manner.

The widow lived alone and as the gander grew to manhood (so to speak), she depended more and more on him. Sometimes at night she would rouse him and he would untuck his head from his wing and escort her forth under a wintry moon.

And now, at the Christmas season, Gander was in full plumage and of a stern temper.

Christmas eve she sat alone by her kitchen fire, and there came a knock at the door. A man stood there and before she could speak pushed his way in. Seeing no one about, he ordered her to bring him bread and coffee and meat. She brought the man what he asked, and when he had eaten he said, "Now, give me all your money and I'll go with no trouble."

"No," said Mrs. Durkee. "I will not!"

Out came his fist and she just escaped a hard cuff on the head. She was angry enough to fight but instead went to her pantry. "I keep money in a jug here," she said and jingled some coins. At the same time she softly raised the window and whistled.

"Here . . . come on with the cash! I'm in a hurry!"

"Yes, yes . . . some has stuck in the bottom." She made a great to-do at jingling. Then she heard a sleepy "Honk-Honk!" Her heart lifted.

"I have a few bills tucked behind the cookie jar," she added. "Let me get them." (Anything to take up time!)

She came slowly into the kitchen. "Here is your money," she said. "Oh, dear, I do believe some one is at the door. Take it quick!" She threw the coins at the man, and opened the door. In stalked the gander ready for anything.

The man shoved out his foot as if to kick him. In a moment, hissing and slipping, the great bird seemed to surround the man with heavy beating wings. The harder the unwelcome guest tried to escape the harder he was beaten back. At last, crouching and fending off the blows, he fled through the door . . . scattering coins all the way. The wad of bills had merely been a piece of make-believe.

The door slammed and the lonely widow sat down in a chair and laughed and laughed and laughed. The gander stood beside her, looking dignified and preening his ruffled feathers.

"I'd rather have you for a friend," cried Mrs. Durkee, "than all the roosters, ducks, turkeys and geese in the world. Merry Christmas . . . ! and I'll give you some fresh lettuce this minute."

The gander's bright eyes roved about the room, and he followed Mrs. Durkee into the pantry.

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'Twas the Night Before Christmas

When all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse;

Late Christmas Dinner

by Gertrude H. Walton

IMPATIENTLY Louise shoved the steaming pans and kettles into the warming oven. Looking down the driveway as she had done for almost two hours, she exclaimed:

"Of course Horton called that he might be late. But what is keeping Jim, Betty and Clyde? Six people invited to a Christmas dinner and all of them late! Accident? Surely not all of them in a heap along the roadside unless each bumped into the other hurrying because they are late to our dinner!" Louise was smiling even before a honk sent her outside.

"Horton, please drive me to Larlon crossroads. Maybe we'll meet sister and Hal. Maybe they will know why the others are delayed. Sort of a news center at the crossroads, anyway."

"Pshaw! Don't worry. They probably think you will not have dinner promptly at 1 o'clock—"

"But I told each one that we would have dinner promptly because I thought you boys might wish to hear the program at Baxter. Do you suppose they have all gone to the festival before coming here?"

"That's it, exactly! Let's go, too! Then we can all come home together to a grand Christmas reunion dinner," Horton interrupted.

"Come home to cold turkey, dressing, and potatoes reunion dinner, you mean," Louise snapped.

Hurrying home and eating lunch, Horton, with Louise a bit reluctant, started for Baxter, where a special festival of Christmas music and drama, an annual community affair, for many years, between rival towns, would be presented at the Community Center playhouse. Prizes were awarded to best productions from the two towns.

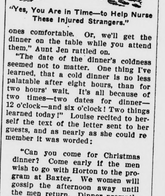
"The guests must have misunderstood my letter. Whatever it is, they have all 'misunderstood together,' Louise whined during applauding for the Edgewood performers in which Horton clapped his hands, clapping for his home community.

He seemed unsympathetic to Louise's further peevish questions:

"But not one of our guests are here that I can see. Do you glimpse Uncle's bald head, or sister's fur, or Betty's daughter-in-law, at exactly six o'clock! for dinner," Aunt Jen tried to humor gently.

"We were determined to be on time for dinner," Louise answered, trying not to look discomfited.

"Jim had too bad a cold to go to the program at Baxter. So Clyde said he would drive our car and we would all come together. Clyde could not get away from the store until noon. We thought you would probably go to the program if we were not here to hinder during the afternoon. And we'd get here in time for your six o'clock dinner. Let us help make these injured



"Yes, You Are in Time—to Help Nurse These Injured Strangers."

ones comfortable. Or, we'll get the dinner on the table while you attend them," Aunt Jen rattled on.

The date of the dinner's coldness seemed not to matter. One thing I've learned, that a cold dinner is no less palatable after eight hours, than for two hours' wait. It's all because of 12 o'clock—and six o'clock! Two things I've learned today!" Louise recited to herself the text of the letter sent to her guests, and as nearly as she could remember it was worded:

"Can you come for Christmas dinner? Come early if the men wish to go with Horton to the program at Baxter. We women will gossip the afternoon away until the men return. Dinner promptly then!"

"Dinner at six—for six late guests! But it all turned out right. The poor people were rescued by Hal's coming in the afternoon. Hal said that since he had the afternoon for driving he would leisurely drive by way of Herald's Corners to see the new viaduct just completed. You and I, dear, attended the program together. Uncle attended a drier. Next time I'll make it plain which dinner hour to expect my guests—at one o'clock or at six o'clock on Christmas!"

Louise smiled the next day after the injured strangers were on their way, and the guests had returned to their homes.

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His First Christmas

by Earle Hooker Eaton

RING up the Pole and telephone
Without a moment's pause,
Or by the wireless make it known
To dear old Santa Claus
That Papa's Boy and Mama's Joy,
And Sister's Precious Mite,
While glad bells clang will gaily hang
His stocking up tonight!

"Ting-ling! Ting-ling! Hello, hello!
Is that you Santa, dear?
Be sure your reindeer hear your 'Whoa'!
When you are passing here.
What's that? You'll come and bring a drum,
A jumping-jack and ball,
And other toys for little boys?
Dear Saint, you're best of all!"

'Tis Christmas morn, and so his shop
Old Santa homeward flies;
'Tis five o'clock, but open pop
The baby's roguish eyes.
We're dead for sleep, but out we creep,
And dress at once to get
What Santa kind, has left behind
For Toddlekins, our pet.

From Pole to Pole there's surely not
A baby more pleased than he.
And how he crows, the happy tot,
And gurgles in his glee.
The jumping-jack, the ducks that quack,
The drum, the horns, the ball,
The chicks that peep, the horse, the sheep,
He tries to eat them all!

On this his first glad Christmas lark,
The toys with blocks he pelts,
He makes old Noah wish the Ark
Had landed somewhere else!
A soldier blue he breaks in two,
A puncture gives the drum,
He fills the air with legs and hair,
And then—he sucks his thumb!

The Sand-Man's surely come to town,
And soft is mauvee's lap;
Clear up the wreck and snuggle down,
'Tis time to take a nap.
Then rock-a-bye, close each blue eye,
Rest, my darling, rest!
He's fast asleep, with baby sheep
Hugged tight against his breast!)

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After the program Horton and Louise watched every means of exit for their guests, then hurried home, arriving at five o'clock. At sight of the left-over dinner, Louise sobbed:

"Never saw such a fuss. What on Adam's earth could have happened? What have we—have I done to deserve such snubs?" She was almost suspicious that Horton had something to do with the absence of their guests. She leaped to the jangling of the telephone. Anything was better than silence—or was it?

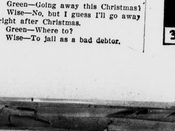
"Y—yes—yes—we'll be there—at once!" The receiver clicked.

"Horton, hurry. Someone needs you —at Herald's Corners. Hal called. No, Hal and sister are not hurt, but someone else. You run on and I'll stay to prepare beds."

Horton, Hal, and Louise's sister soon arrived with a man, woman, and small child who had been buried under an automobile after being struck by a hit-and-run driver. When Hal found them, hours before, they were unconscious. After return to consciousness the doctor had consented for Hal to drive them to Horton's for the night, as no hospital was nearer than one hundred miles.

While administering to the injured ones in the spotless beds Louise provided, Uncle Jim and Aunt Jen arrived with Betty and Clyde, son and

ON HIS WAY



Green—Going away this Christmas? Wise—No, but I guess I'll go away right after Christmas.
Green—Where to?
Wise—To jail as a bad debtor.

Inexpensive, Easy Patchwork Quilts

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK

Patchwork quilts as a rule are elaborate, cost quite a bit and represent many days of tedious work. This work and cost can be cut down to a minimum as shown in the illustration. Any of these designs can be used on eighteen nine-inch blocks and so arranged to make a full size quilt. About three ounces or one yard of prints is all that is required for the patchwork. Folder No. 330 in colors illustrates four ways to assemble these different designs, also cut out diagrams for six different patches like the picture. Information about yardage required for back, border and blocks is also given.

The folder No. 330 and folder No. 0 with other quilting information will be mailed upon receipt of 10 cents or send us 10 cents and we will send folder and sufficient beautiful patches to make up the patchwork on one of these simple quilts.

Address Home Craft Co., Dept. D, Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis. Inclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

Man of Tongues

The world's greatest linguist is an Englishman. He is Sir George Grierson, O. M., who is eighty-four and knows 300 languages. His chief interest lies in India, where some of the dialects of the backward communities have never been written down. Before he could study these dialects properly, Sir George had to invent an alphabet for them, and write out words which the natives had often used but never written themselves.

Child Will Read Story That He Thinks Is Good

"Who shall define interest for another person, compounded as it is of the raw material of which personality is made?" queries a writer in the Parents' Magazine, declaring that there is apt to be one of two reasons why a child does not like to read. Either he has not mastered the technique of reading to an extent where no voluntary effort must be exerted or else he has not had access in sufficient numbers to books which correspond to his idea of a good story.

"Your child will read if he but discovers the books particularly right for his interests and tastes," declares the writer whose experience with children and books has convinced her that there does not live the youngster who will not listen to a good story, and since reading is only a method of listening to a good story, will not read if the book is about something in which he is either actually or potentially interested: is written in words and style suitable to his reading ability; has the degree of advancement suitable to both his emotional and intellectual age levels. Those two developments, by the way, are at entirely different rates of speed. As the writer adroitly puts it: "Children do the strangest juggling and somersaulting as regards these ages, going into a handspring a poised adolescent, coming up at the end, an emotional eight-year-old."

Involved

He does not dislike scandal who listens to it.

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take chances with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

No Monotony for Him to Whom All Ways Are New

There is no monotony in living to him who walks even the quietest and tamest paths with open and perceptive eyes. The monotony of life is monotonous to you, is in you, not in the world. It may be that you think all days alike, and grow weary with their sameness, and get none of the stimulus and solemnity which comes from constantly reaching unexpected places and experiences. You cannot think what a different, what a more solemn and delightful place this world is to a man who goes out every morning into a new world, who starts each day with the certainty that he has not passed that way heretofore."—Phillips Brooks.

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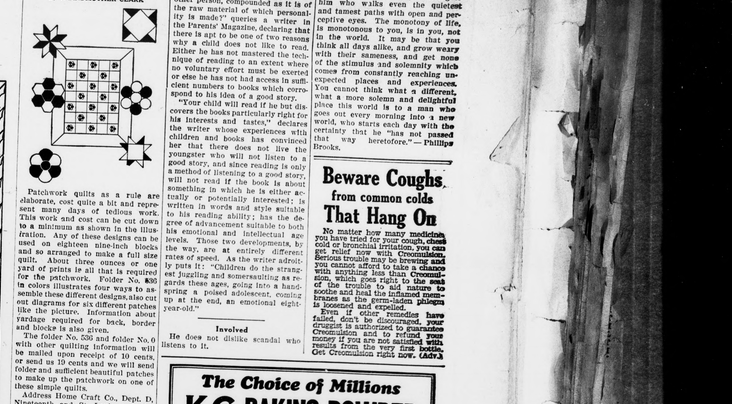
MILLIONS OF POUNDS HAVE BEEN USED BY OUR GOVERNMENT

LOST...ONE HEALTHY GROUCH!



"SEEMS funny that coffee was harming me! I thought it was bad only for children!"

"Oh, no... the caffein in coffee disagrees with many grown-ups, too. It can upset their nerves, cause indigestion, or loss of sleep!"

If you suspect that coffee disagrees with you . . . try Postum for 30 days. It contains no caffein. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. It's easy to make . . . costs less than half a cent a cup. It's delicious, too . . . and may prove a real help. A product of General Foods.

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Please send me, without cost or obligation, a week's supply of Postum.

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